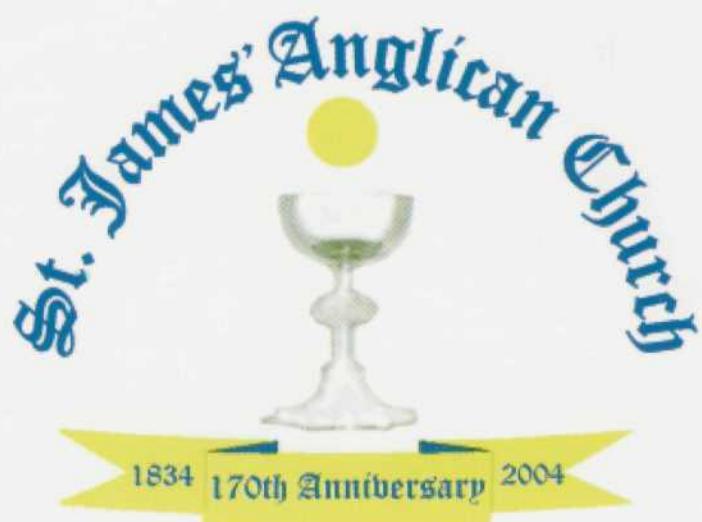


St. James'

Memories of St. James'

170 Years of Worship and Friendship



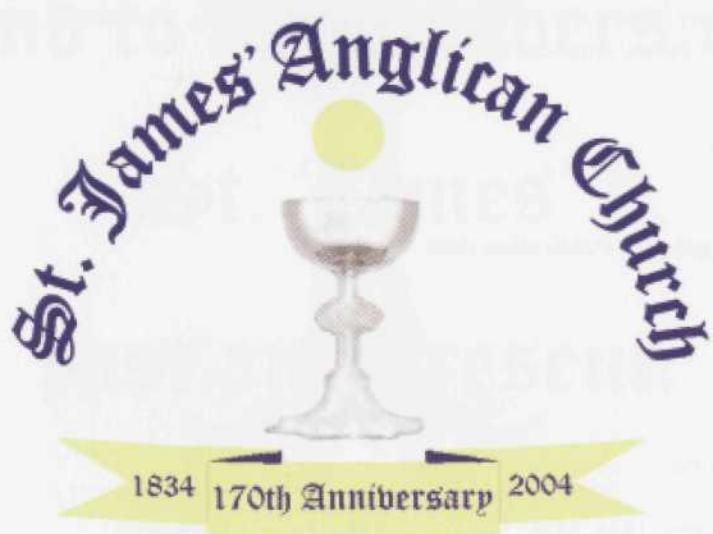
1834-2004



Memories of St. James'

1834-2004

170 Years of Worship and Friendship



Published by the
St. James' Anglican Church 170th Anniversary Committee

© 2004

Published by the St. James' 170th Anniversary Committee
Yvonne Holmes Mott, Editor
Bert Meerveld, Publisher

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Canadian Cataloguing in Publication data

Main entry under title:

Memories of St. James' 1834-2004 : 170 Years of Worship and Friendship
p. : ill., col. ; cm.

I. Anglican Church of Canada. Diocese of Huron. History.

BX5620.M

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the
Glory of God
and to all members of
St. James'
past and present.

Acknowledgements

A special thank you to everyone who wrote stories, shared ideas, loaned photographs or made suggestions.

Thank you to Father Jim Carr for his constant support; to Pat Shaddock, secretary and Art Keeley, verger, for their many acts of kindness during this process. A special thank you to Merv and Louise Roberts for their help with the photography. They spent much time arranging the artifacts for photographing.

Thanks to Maisie Masters for the use of her digital camera to photograph the church artifacts.

170th Anniversary Committee Members

Shirley Prouse	Jack Smith
Auriel Clements	Ann Gonder
Tom Johnston	Jim Gonder
Pat Shaddock	Ted Winter
Barbara Westman	Karen Edwards
Shirley Whatley	Father Jim Carr
Lorraine Redhead	Bert Meerveld
Dorothy Griffin	Yvonne Holmes Mott

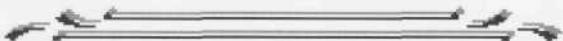
Frontispiece

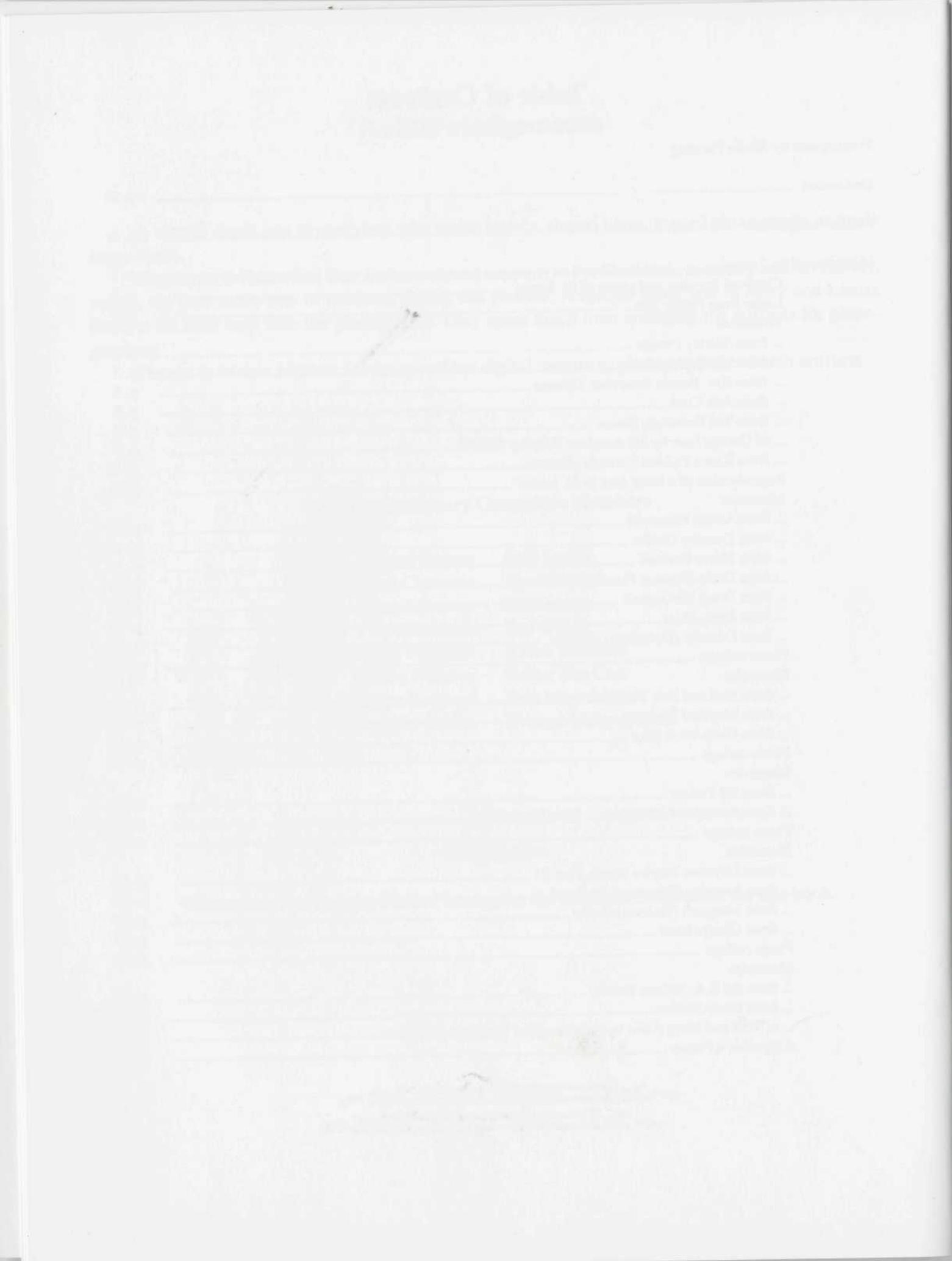
We are indebted to artist Sheila Fleming for the beautiful frontispiece for this book.



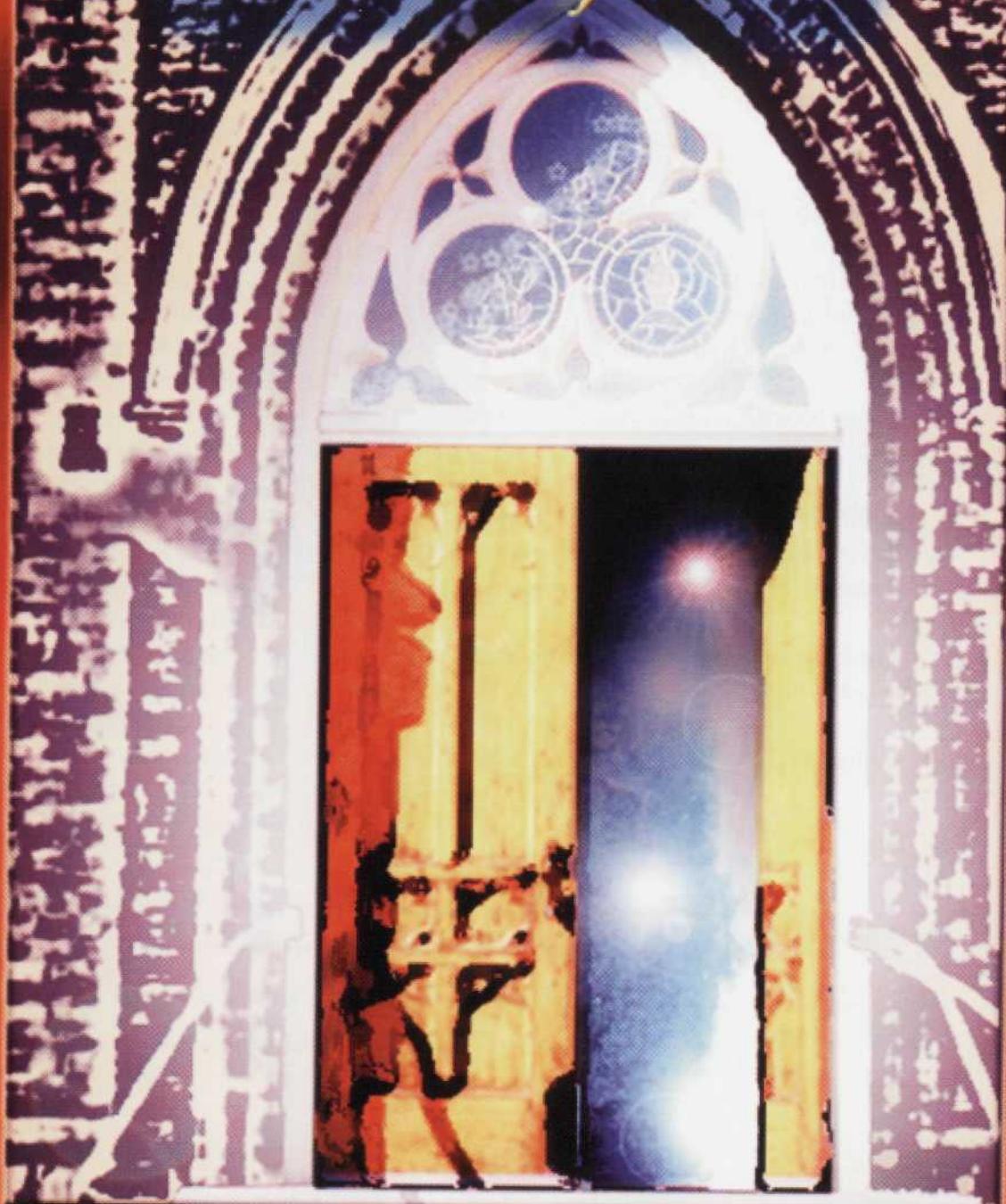
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*Come Journey
with St. James*





Memories of St. James'

Editor's Notes

This is a book of memories.

It is meant to be neither an intellectual nor a literary exercise.

The stories come from the heart rather than the intellect – and that is exactly what we had hoped for. Members and friends of St. James' delved deeply into their pasts and came up with memories of their parents or grandparents; then they looked back at some of their own early days in our church. It has been wonderful to read their stories. It has also been an education. I hope you feel the same way as you turn the pages. Thank you for sharing with us. Thank you for trusting us with your stories. .

St. James' folks also went into their attics and their basements, cleaned out old desks drawers and rooted out old photo albums. We thank everyone who submitted their precious photos, whether or not we were able to use them.

This book, in this form, would not have been possible without the publishing and artistic skills of Bert Meerveld. His layout, his photography and his computer skills are invaluable. On top of all that, he is a treasure to work with. We are truly indebted to him. Thank you Bert!

A special thanks to my daughter Catherine, of London, who spent hours away from her own editing business, to proof read our stories and be “a fresh set of eyes” when we needed them.

And thank you to Father Jim Carr for his confidence in us and for his continued support.

Happy 170th Anniversary St. James'.

Yvonne Holmes Mott
Editor

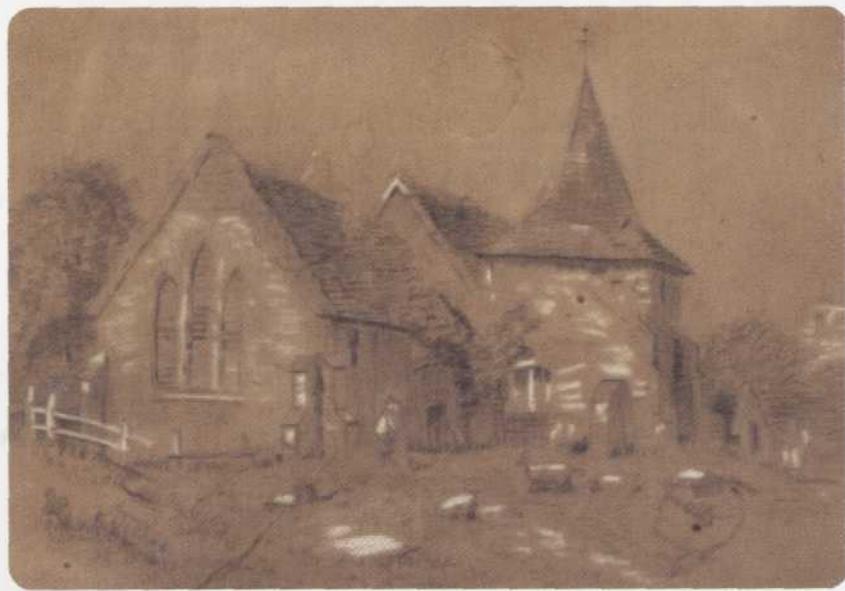
Memories of St. James'

2

Right: A charcoal of the first St. James' Anglican Church on Francis Street.

Below: A photograph of St. James' Church in the late 1800s (viewing Oxdor St. south from King St.). The firm name on one of the buildings has been inexplicably cut out. Wilson McBeath thinks it may have been Law's Livery. The firm to the right is *Standard Sewing Machine*. Wilson also pointed that there are no horses in the photograph. Notice that there are no automobiles in the photograph either. He speculates that it may have been a sale of some kind, and that the horses were liveried at Law's Livery. Another person pointed out that the sign on the left is that of *McCormick*

Machines and that perhaps the company was holding a sale or auction at the time of the photograph. As well, many of the cutters appear to have wheels and other farm implements on them. The house immediately adjacent to the north of St. James' was once the Schramm home. The parish hall now occupies the property.



My Friends

It is absolutely incredible when you think about it. To think, St James' has been a place of refuge, strength, evangelism and hope for 170 years to the folks of Ingersoll and surrounding area. Many of you are direct descendants of the pioneers who were involved in the raising up of St James' and like all of us here today, continue to uphold the "Communion of Saints" here at St James'.

Regardless of the change that happens around us, people still need to be cared for, to be loved unconditionally and offered the grace of Jesus Christ. While buildings, books, windows and music are important to us, the Spiritual life of the individual, young and old alike must be nurtured as we help one another grow in faith, wisdom and maturity as we seek to understand the mystery of life and death.

The most significant change in the church over the past 170 years I believe has been the importance of the "Ministry of the People." Understanding and encouraging the "people of the church" to offer their gifts to God is to come to a much fuller understanding of Jesus teachings in the Gospel.

As we move towards 2034, our 200th anniversary, hopefully the ministry at St James' to the people in Ingersoll and area will continue to move forward with societal change, always being rooted in the eternal truths of the Gospels as given us through Jesus Christ. May the flames of evangelism and love continue to reach out from St James' now and for evermore.

My Blessing & His Peace

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jim +".

The Reverend James Carr B.A., M.Div.
Rector, Pastor and Priest

...from Shirley Prouse

My first remembrance of St. James' is of the kindness and support of Rev. Carman Queen at the untimely death of my Dad at the age of 37. I was eight years old at the time, the second oldest of six children.

Time seemed to fly and many changes occurred in the next few years – from Sunday School, Confirmation, Junior Auxiliary, Junior Choir and on to Senior Choir. Many people influenced me at this difficult time of my life – Mrs. Dryden, in Sunday School; Wilf and Marg Allen with their support and constant caring for me and my brothers and sisters; and many more people, too many to name.

By this time Rev. Pocock and his family had arrived. The doors at the Rectory were always open to the children passing by, offering both happy days then and happy memories now.

During Rev. Pocock's ministry, Garnett and I were married, 46 years ago this September. Mrs. Pocock helped me make the hats for my attendants. I will never forget the affection and support she showed me.

After Garnett and I were married, we moved to Mt. Elgin – because that is where all the Prouses lived. I went to the United Church in Mt. Elgin for eight years, then came back to St. James' to be a godparent to one of my nieces at her Baptism. After that I became homesick for St. James', talked to Garnett, and talked to Rev. Burr, the minister at Mt. Elgin. Rev. Burr reminded me that in Heaven we would all be "United."

Things just happened after that. Rev. Sadleir was Rector at the time. Garnett, Connie, Tom and I attended church regularly and I soon became involved with Sunday School.

Rev. Tom Griffin was the next person involved in my journey. Connie became a Server. Garnett joined the choir and I was asked to be a member of the Board of Management. Then Tom asked me to be Rector's Warden. I always felt that I was unworthy of this position as I seem to be a person who works well behind the scenes. After a few

days and meetings to inform me that he always took a year to decide whom to ask, I agreed to become the first woman Warden at St. James'. The Sunday of the Installation of officers gave me my first experience as a Warden. As I was leaving the church, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I was very politely informed that I was welcome as president of different organizations, but not as Warden of St. James'. My reply was, "I'm sorry, but you have me."

After Tom's death and the healing time under the guidance of Rev. Roger McCombe, our first lady Rector came to minister to us. Her time with us was short. She married during her ministry and later resigned to be a full time mom.

There were difficult times ahead. Ken Cooper, our organist and choir director became ill and died. Rev. Jim Innes came as Interim Priest.

Rev. Bill Welch was our next rector. His ministry with us was a short one also. He left to go to Christ Church in Chatham. During his time, the Rectory was busy with small children again. Bill arrived with his wife Susan and three children. Sarah was born here.

During Bill's ministry the time was approaching when the need for change was becoming evident. We now all are happy to have Father Jim and Lin with us.

Over the years as Warden of St. James', I have shared this position with excellent people and cherish my experience with all of them.

As a parishioner of St. James', I regularly see all the unnoticed work of so many people who toil behind the scenes to make things happen. Thank you all. I have seen changes in many as-



Sterling silver chalice
Presented by Col. & Mrs.
Holcroft, 1841.

pects of church attendance, worship and music. I feel the challenge for us is to fashion a vision for a new future which both honors and celebrates the places from which we come. Vision must be born anew in every generation, again and again, in the same lifetime. The earliest work which defines the Christian Communal Life is "KOINONIA". This Greek word means fellowship of shared life. If we are to faithfully live the shared life, we must engage in shared partnership, trust and mutual respect. It will mean sharing power, to bless, to forgive, to heal and to teach.

It is to the shared life to "KOINONIA" that we have all been invited as disciples. It is our past and our future. May we freely walk the journey to God's future, inspired by the past from which our present has been formed.

Remember always, we have not been to Church – we are the Church.



Sterling silver paten, London, 1840.
Presented by Col. & Mrs. Holcroft, 1841.

...from Wally Naibett

We moved to Ingersoll in 1966 and the first thing we did was to join St. James' Anglican Church. The first person to greet us was Mrs. Wilf (Marg) Allen. She knew me as a new business person in Ingersoll. She certainly made me and my family welcome.

As time went on I was elected to St. James' Board of Management and was on the Property Committee with Wilf Allen, Morris Bruce and others. Later, I was made the Peoples' Warden, under the Rev. Ralph Sadleir.

The Church Board decided to tile the church floor over the old wooden floors as a central project. The contract was awarded to Mr.

Memories of St. James'

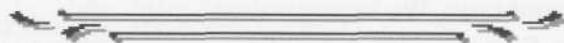
Songhurst & Co. This meant the church Property Committee was to remove the pews from the back to front of the church to prepare the way for Songhurst to lay plywood for the tile. A number of the church volunteers completed this. As the plywood was laid, back to front, the pews were moved back to allow Songhurst to complete the plywood covering.

The pews were moved forward to permit the laying of the tiles. On completion, all the pews had to be replaced leaving the three aisles we now have. We amateurs had taken on a real chore. I recall members remarking about the strings I had from the back of the church to the front to ensure the proper width from back to front. I kept continually checking my strings to ensure proper distance from the back of the aisle to the front. The distance between each pew had also to be maintained, so as not to have a seat left over when we finished.

*We amateurs had taken on a real chore. ...
The distance between each pew had to be
maintained, so as not to have a seat left
over when we finished.*

Mr. Ed Gilling, a member of our church, supplied new screws to fasten the pews, when positioned, to the new floor. Mr. Harold Wilson, also a member of the church, volunteered to help us secure the pews. We had to run a small drill hole, then install the Roberts screws. This was a real chore for Harold until I took his screwdriver and cut it to fit our $\frac{1}{4}$ " drill. This got the pews well fastened down – even without a clutch or stop on the drill. As far as I know, the pews have not been moved since. So much for my string and fast drill!

During my period as Peoples' Warden, we were also involved in the moving of the altar forward, to allow our rector, Rev. Sadleir, to face the congregation in preparation for the Communion Service.



...from Rev. Bernie Rosevear, Deacon

What does the Anglican Church of St. James' mean to me? What does it mean to my wife and family? It means many things: commitment, challenge, sharing of talents. But most of all, love and opportunity – the opportunity to conduct my ministry in the Town of Ingersoll and the church of St. James', and the love of a caring community.

Life at St. James' for the Rosevear family began the last week of November, 1992. We had moved to Ingersoll from Toronto the week before. We were welcomed by many that first Sunday. Having left the caring community of St. Mathias in Toronto, the warmth of the welcome of St. James' was nice. We felt at home.

My involvement in the life of St. James' and the community of Ingersoll continues to be fulfilling.

Rev. Louise Peters had been inducted in October and her ministry at St. James' had just begun. It was an exciting time and we appreciated her talent. She had a beautiful voice. In 1993 Louise appointed me to the Board and our son, Michael, became a Server. A new cycle was beginning in our lives.

After a period of some turbulence, in 1995 we welcomed the Rev. Bill Welch and his wife, the Rev. Susan Snelling, and their children, to St. James'. A new ministry was born. We became good friends. Our son, Michael, and Bill were the same age helping to tie our families together. My life and the life of my family was about the change.

In 1996, Rev. Bill issued a challenge to Dale Shaddock, Bob Welt and myself to think about becoming Licensed Lay Readers. It would require weekly sessions and perhaps a year of study. The challenge was accepted. In November of 1997 we were licensed by Bishop Robert Townshend. It was a special time. We became close.

In September of 1996, I began my studies at

Renison College to become Parish Coordinator, a position Rev. Bill Welch had asked me to fill. It was during this period of time that I received my Call to the ministry known as the Diaconate, which leads to ordination. This was the second time that God had tapped me on the shoulder.

After discussion with Rev. Bill and my family, and with the support of the St. James' Board, my name was submitted to the Archbishop. With the approval of Archbishop Percy O'Driscoll, and the support and approval of the Deacon's Board, my path was set. Those studies began in January of 1997 at Renison College.

A major criterion of the Ministry for the Diaconate is that your ministry must be established in the community and outside the actual church building. My ministry then and now is the same. I am the chaplain at the Oxford Nursing Home, Oxford Manor Retirement Home and the Retirement Home on Whiting Street. It also includes Alexandra Hospital..

In February of 2000 Rev. Bill Welch moved to Chatham. From February to July I had the pleasure of assisting and experiencing the talents of two very fine priests. Rev. Bill Strang celebrated the Holy Eucharist on Wednesday mornings. On Sundays we had an interim minister, The Rev. Drew MacDonald. St. James' was very fortunate to have the services of these two very fine people. They both supported me fully, allowing me to learn from them and contribute to the services. I thank St. James' for this opportunity. I believe my ministry is stronger for the experience.

During this period of time all was not smooth, however. In November, of 1998, I underwent triple by-pass surgery at London's Victoria Hospital. The outpouring of love and affection from our family at St. James' was wonderful. Then, in April 1999 when I had lung cancer surgery, this community of St. James' again showed their concern and affection. We will always remember.

I finished my studies at Renison in April of 2000. In August 2000, The Rev. James Carr, and his wife, Lin, arrived to begin their ministry at St. James'. A new beginning.

Memories of St. James'

On September 20th (St. Matthew the Apostle) I was ordained to the Diaconate by Bishop Robert Townshend. The first ordination to be held in St. James' in the history of the parish. A wonderful evening with our St. James' family. A special and very proud moment.

I wore a red stole the evening of my ordination, one of five created by Barbara Westman and Louise Roberts. The others are green, white, purple and blue. I wear them with pride. They are one of a kind. They are beautiful.

With the arrival of Father Jim a new era began, not only for St. James' but for yours truly.

My involvement in the life of St. James' and the community of Ingersoll continues to be fulfilling.

May I once again thank our church family, Father Jim Carr and Lin, for the love, faith and support of our efforts and our ministry. Also, a very special thank you for your love and caring ways, shown to my wife Norma and our son, Michael.

May God bless you and keep you.

Remember?

... from Myra Shier

- *Sunday School every Sunday afternoon from 3:00 until 4:00 p.m., with Ted Long, Katy Phillips, Marion Jackson and Mrs. Funnell.*
- *Junior Choir practice every Thursday evening from 7 until 8 p.m., held up in the balcony where the organ was, with Mr. Dryden, Mary (Shelton) Connor and Mrs. Wilson. We had 25-30 members.*
- *Memorizing the whole Catechism booklet in order for me to be confirmed by Bishop Luxton; and wearing the white dress and veil.*



Confirmation Day 1982: Heather Meadows and Bishop Ragg.

...from Ada Cook

Ada Cook was born in England but came to Canada with her parents and two older siblings, Harry and Alice, when she was two years of age.

The family lived in Woodstock before moving to Ingersoll where Ada attended the Ward School (now Princess Elizabeth). Her teacher was Jennie Poole.

Their home was at 174 Charles Street East. She always talked about how much her Dad loved

Ada had a busy life at St. James', serving her church in many capacities. She sang in the choir and was a soloist as well.

his English garden. Later they moved to Oxford Street. It was a happy home and their dog Nicky was an important part of their family.

Ada went to church for as long as she lived. Her first church was Old St. Paul's, in Woodstock and then St. James'.

After attending the Ingwersoll Collegiate Institute for four years, she became a student at Westervelt Business School. She travelled by bus to London every day for her classes.

After graduation from Westervelt she went to work at the Ingwersoll Cheese Company, a position she held until her retirement.

Ada had a busy life at St. James', serving her church in many capacities. She sang in the choir and was a soloist as well. She could recall many happy times with the Anglican Young Peoples Association (AYPA). Ada joined the Altar Guild at an early age and eventually held the position of Directress.

She missed her good friend Janet Maddle, who passed away in January of this year. They talked together daily for years, as long as Janet was at home.

In 2004, at the age 93, Ada was a much loved and respected member of St. James'. This was very evident in May when she was a guest of honour at the St. George's Day Tea held in the Parish Hall.
(With thanks to Pat Shaddock and Louise Roberts)

***Memories of Ted Bowman, Senior
...from his daughter, Lorraine Redhead)***

Dad was the son of Thomas and Anna Bowman. Although Dad didn't go to church very often, he proudly tells of how his dad hitched the horse up every Sunday and "took Grandma to church." He remembers the talks – and arguments – about the new rectory, good and bad choices that were made, extravagances and costs.

Dad went to Scouts at St. James'. Rev. McMillan was Scouter, probably around 1921-24. They went camping at Otterville Park and Rev. McMillan preached at the local church and took my dad with him. Dad had recently lost his mother and I suspect the rector had taken him under his wing.

I have a record of a Mrs. Noe starting Guides in 1924. Myra's mother, Irene, did not know anything about it. When I asked Dad if the minister's wife helped his answer was, "I do not know what the girls did."

They had Sunday School in what is now called Grinkle Park and they enjoyed the train trip to Port Burwell to attend the Sunday School picnics.

Memories of St. James'

*Memories of George Law
... from his daughter, Dorothy Geddie*

George Law was born in Hamilton, Ontario in 1908. He took up boxing to please his father who was interested in sports and had been a champion bicycle racer on the island of Guernsey before coming to Canada. The photo of George shows him in a boxing pose. It was taken in Ingersoll, probably when he was in his 20s. He was a welterweight boxer, weighing in at about 147 pounds.

In the 1920s and 1930s amateur boxing was a popular sport in the Ingersoll area, and George enjoyed considerable success at it. Because he was so good, some Ingersoll doctors paid his railway fare for a trip to Calgary in 1936 to participate in the tryouts for the Canadian Olympic team of that year. He was narrowly defeated in his last qualifying bout there, and just missed participating in the Berlin Olympics. (He always attributed his loss to the fact that it was a late evening bout, and he wasn't at his best for it.)

Another photo shows George Law in the backyard of 202 Victoria Street, his father's house. He says that he got into that position without assistance. On another (undocumented) occasion he walked on his hands from one end to the other of his mother's table when it was fully laden for a Christmas dinner – without disturbing anything on the table. (The same can't be said for his mother.) Obviously, he enjoyed gymnastics and had considerable faith in his dexterity and balance. For a period of time he taught a tumbling team, boxing and later, weight lifting in the gym of St. James' Anglican Church. We

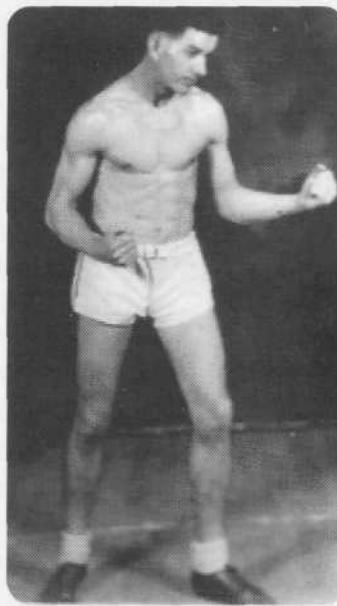
don't know the dates for these activities. He also had a lot of gymnastic equipment in the yard of his parents' house on Victoria Street, and later – after the war – in his own house at 139 Innes Street, where he taught gymnastics to many of the neighbourhood children.

George enlisted in the Canadian army at the very beginning of World War II,



and was among the first Canadian troops to be shipped to England. In 1941 he won the welterweight boxing championship for all of the British and Commonwealth forces then stationed in England, defeating army, navy and air force contenders. In 1942 he gave up boxing altogether to please his future wife, Florence (Florrie) Vann. His army trainers were not pleased.

George's medals and trophies were recently donated to the Ingersoll Museum.



Remember?

... from Myra Shier

- *The little black caps, the starched surplices and white lacy bows we wore over the black cassocks. As we got older we wore mortar board hats.*
- *Sunday School concerts and always receiving a gift from Santa with a treat of usually an orange and a candy cane. The Christmas Bazaars – Wow!*

... from Karen Padden (Grundy) Brown

I remember being very pleased to be asked to join St. James' Junior Girls Choir in the 1950s. I think I was seven years old. Mrs. Wilfred (Margaret) Allen called my mother and asked if I would like to join. As I came from a musical family, I cheerfully agreed.

Getting ready for the eleven o'clock service each Sunday, I now realize, was a very big job for our Choir Mother, Mrs. Katie Phillips. When we led the procession into church it was not unusual to have 40 girls gowned and prepared to sing. We each had a long black cassock, which we wore over our clothes, a full hip-length white surplice and small pill shaped headdress. Each girl also had a freshly pressed hand-made chiffon bow. Mrs. Hills carried them into our dressing room in a large wicker basket. I think she spent every Saturday laundering, ironing and preparing our bows. In my mind's eye I can still see her carrying that basket. She looked proud of her handiwork and when she put them on us, she made us feel proud of ourselves to be choir members.

The first Choir Master who welcomed me into the choir was Mr. Thompson. His daughter, Helen, was in my grade at school. The Thompsons left Ingersoll for Toronto when I finished grade three. Their home was purchased by Harold Riddolls and his family, a long time respected local musician, who taught many of us music in the public school system.

When Mr. Thompson left St. James', he was replaced by a retiring Toronto Choir Master, Mr. Richard Dryden. Mr. Dryden's effect on my life was great, positively. He formed a Triple Trio: nine girls, three to each part, to learn more intensely and to compete in the Toronto Music Festival. He promised us special tea and goodies at a restaurant if we won.

We, the nine girls and Mr. Dryden, got on the train in the morning. We were proud to be going. We looked alike in our white blouses and black skirts. When we got to Toronto we realized that our competition came from all the private girls'

schools, in their tartan-skirted uniforms. We went twice and won both times. I now realize those teas must have cost Mr. Dryden a lot of money, but he seemed pleased to take us. Helen Thompson always came to cheer for us!

In high school that triple trio down-sized to a quartette. We sang as a group for four years. We entertained at Lions and Kiwanis meetings, the Blue and White Review and on the radio at Barrie. From that quartette, "The Choralettes", – Elaine Emery Balpatacky and I are still singing in the Woodstock Choralaires. To think this all started at St. James' over 50 years ago. I've digressed!

On Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, all the choirs assembled. The assembly room was always filled with the Junior Boys Choir, the Seniors Choir, the servers, minister and us. The Junior Girls led in, with the smallest in front. When they stopped at the first post on the northern-most aisle of the church, the last of our girls was still out in the assembly room.

We led down the north side, up the centre aisle and down the south aisle, up to the loft. At that time the organ and the organist were in the loft. He directed all the other choirs, who were in the front of the church, from there.

I remember singing my first solo from there – the first verse of an old English hymn, "See Amid the Winter's Storm." Each subsequent verse had a different soloist. I know my school mate, Ruth Mary Macnab, sang that day.

Early in the service we went down the south aisle and led all the children in the church out for Junior Church, held in the small chapel over the Ladies Parlour. A talented teen. Elva Laarz, played the old pump organ and the Junior Girls Choir led the music. The program was run by a senior choir member, Mrs. Leah Hills.

I have happy memories of being part of St. James' Junior Choir in the 1950s. The music and encouragement I received then have been a positive influence for me throughout my life. I still sing with my own church choir in London, Sanctuary of the Assention and the Woodstock Choralaires.

To THE RECTOR
ST. JAMES ANGLICAN CHURCH
INGERSOLL, ONTARIO

DEAR SIR:

RECENTLY, MY WIFE PHYLLIS (NEE OWEN) AND I DECIDED TO "DOWN-SIZE" OUR HOME. THIS MEANT GOING THROUGH AN ACCUMULATION OF OVER SIXTY YEARS OF FAMILY PAPERS, KEEP-SAKES, HEIRLOOMS, DOO DAHS AND SOMETIMES JUST PLAIN JUNK. IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO DISCARD A PART OF YOUR LIFE. AS A RESULT, WE MOVED AND STILL DO NOT HAVE ROOM FOR EVERYTHING.

AMONG THE INTERESTING ITEMS WE UNCOVERED WAS THE ENCLOSED BOOK "THE NARROW WAY." IT WAS GIVEN TO ALICE ELIZABETH HUNTRY UPON HER CONFIRMATION JAN 1885. AS YOU CAN SEE, IT IS OVER 100 YEARS OLD.

THE "HUNTRY'S" WERE FAITHFUL MEMBERS OF ST. JAMES AND WE THOUGHT YOU COULD CHECK YOUR CONGREGATION TO SEE IF A DESCENDANT OR RELATIVE OF MS. HUNTRY WOULD LIKE THE BOOK. IF YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO FIND ANYONE, PLEASE ADD THE BOOK TO THE CHURCH'S ARCHIVES.

WE BELIEVE THE BOOK CAME TO US THROUGH THE ESTATE OF MRS. ROY (LILIAN) OWEN, NEE TURNER.

WISHING YOU AND ^{ALL} THE MEMBERS OF ST. JAMES CHURCH MUCH HAPPINESS IN THE YEARS TO COME, WE REMAIN

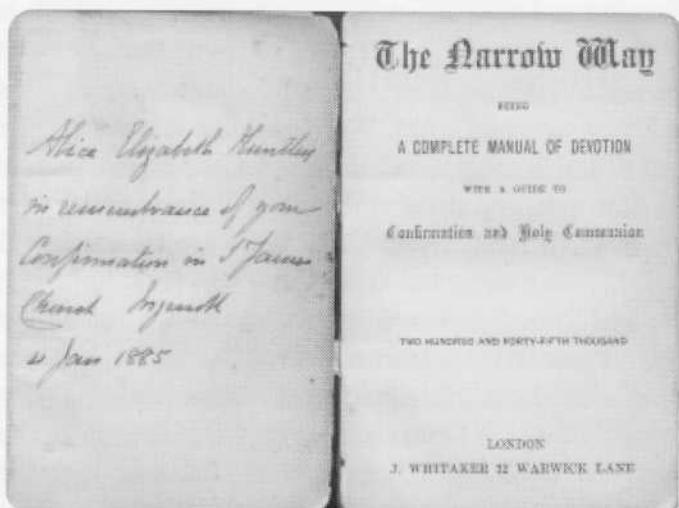
YOURS FAITHFULLY

TED AND PHYLLIS JOHNSON

FROM:
G.E. JOHNSON
6880 ISLAND COURT
COLUMBIA, MI. 49038-9522

P/S WE WERE MARRIED IN ST. JAMES ON JUNE 7, 1941. (A LONG TIME AGO)

Reproduction of a letter sent to St. James' in January 1997.



... from Arthur Presswell

In 1929 when the wing was built on to St. James', I was a pupil at V.M.S. Little did I know that I would spending considerable time at the church. Word got around that they had a brand new gymnasium down in the basement and people were playing badminton there. The name that I first heard it called was the Triangle Club, but I found out later that it was part of the Y.M.C.A. and that a man named Herbert Hanley was starting a boys' gymnastics class and was looking for boys to join. Since I was the right age, I, with others of my age group, met during the week (the precise night escapes my memory).

We were introduced to Mr. Hanley whom we came to know affectionately as Uncle Erb. Uncle Erb spoke with a broad North England accent. He was a great teacher of gymnastics and also taught us how to play basketball and floor hockey. As I look back I realize this part of my life has a real impact on what was to follow in a few short years.

We became quite good at basketball and we used to play at the Y in London, on Richmond Street. Whenever we played there the ladies of the Y would treat us to sandwiches and chocolate. I was always intrigued by the dainty sandwiches because they were different colours – but they were good. We always ended the night in the gym with a game of floor hockey. This was a rough and tumble game in which one took a lot of hard knocks. After the game we would all go to the showers and cool down.

It was here in the St. James' gym that we learned to use a medicine ball. This was an exercise ball that weighed a ton. We would choose teams and then roll the ball from the front of the line to the last man and he would pick it up and run to the front. It is no wonder that we were all light weights – we sweat buckets – but it was great fun. We had great fun learning how to use the mats and horse.

It was about this time that the Y sponsored a camp for boys at Fisher's Glen on Lake Erie and many boys went to the camp. Uncle Erb was our



Sterling silver trowel presented to F.A. Ackert; used in the laying of the cornerstone of the Parish Hall, September 28, 1929.

Camp Leader. Since cars were at a premium at that time we had to meet at the Market Square where we would be loaded on to Bing Galloway's truck and away we would go. Beside having fun with my friends and staying in tents for a week, the thing that impressed me most was mug up at night (chocolate drink) before bed always at 8 o'clock; and the ritual of putting a fire under a balloon and inflating it with hot air and then letting it rise to the sky. Uncle Erb had a right hand man, an Ed Haddock, who later went to California.

Another memory of St. James' was when I joined the Cubs and our Akele was Ted Washington. We had a great time learning to dob-dob-dob, but I could never afford a uniform so had to be satisfied with a hat. I made a lot of friends there and our friendships lasted a lifetime, although some ended in the 1940s. Bill Hills and Jim Ranger are two names that come to mind as leaders of the Scouts along with Charley Harris. As young kids we looked up to these men. They were our role models. Later Bill Hills went into the Anglican Ministry and later went to B.C. Ted Washington eventually married the organist at St. James', Doris Bagnall, my first cousin. Doris was organist at St. James' for a lot of years. She had a large choir including, I believe, Harry Cook who later went into the Anglican Ministry and rose to the position of Bishop of the North. Harry was my neighbour on Charles Street and we were friends of the whole family.

Another event which took place in the new hall was a production of the Mikado (Gilbert and Sullivan), presented on the new stage in the hall. It was a tremendous success. Included in the cast were many from St. James' choir including the Leigh, the Cook and the Bagnall families. The leads were taken by Presbyterians Mr. and Mrs. Robert Borrowman and some Baptists like Edith Making (Allison) and her brother Frank. The costuming was superb. One would never have guessed it was an amateur production. The man in charge of the music was Mr. Banner, the choir leader and organist at First Baptist church. Some of the musicians were Mr. Bill Eden and his sons Pat and Mike. This is one of my treasured memories of St. James' and I shall never forget it.

I remember coming to St. James' on a church parade which included the Legion, Scouts and

Memories of St. James'

Cubs, Girl Guides and others. Since the Legion was in it, my mother, May Presswell, wanted me to wear my father's medals. He had been in the Royal Navy. So they were pinned on me on the opposite side of my chest. I was real proud until they started to fall off. This predicament caught the eye of Reverend MacMillan of St. James', and since we were outside and lined up he took me by the hand and led me to his house where he promptly asked his wife if she would sew them back on, which she did. I was a happy young boy. I shall never forget this moment of time either. Each time I look at the cluster of pictures of men from St. James' who went into the ministry, and whom I knew, I think back and I remember my happy days at St. James'.

...from Dorothy Griffin

Both my arrival at St. James' and my leave-taking were defining moments in my life. Arrival year was 1975 on a cold winter day. Oddly enough, departure day was also mid-winter. I moved out of the rectory on January 17th 1992 in the midst of one of the worst snow storms in my memory, the date having been switched from two days earlier because the movers could not get through the snowdrifts. But more about that later.

First, the story of my arrival in Ingersoll. As the wife of a Priest of the Diocese of Huron, I had been forced to move often. I say "forced" because I am one of those folks who prefers to settle in, make friends and stay forever in one place. The Bishop had other plans. Our tenure in the early parishes of Tom's ministry were three years; ten months; six and a half years; three years; three years. Such maddeningly short stays! When we arrived in Lambeth, I extracted a promise from my husband that we would settle for a while,

maybe even retire in Lambeth. Nevertheless, three years after moving to that village, Father Tom was trying to persuade me to yet another move – this time to Ingersoll. I fought the move. Oh, how I



Calling card of Rev. J.H. Moorhouse. From the collection of Dorothy Griffin.

fought – to no avail. Father Tom had already decided that St. James' was where he wanted to be.

Maybe it was the "orientation day" that the parish organized – the drive around town with Elsie McNab to see the sights. Or perhaps it was the lunch

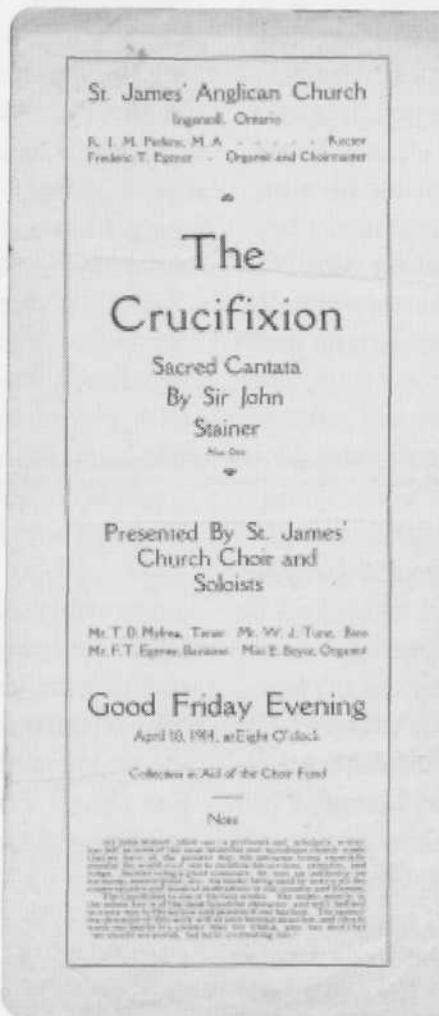
prepared so beautifully for us (I've come to appreciate the cooking at St. James'). Or was it the chatting-while-washing-up-the-dishes time in the kitchen? I've never been sure what made me give up the fight to stay in Lambeth.

Moving day passed in a blur of boxes, mess and fatigue. Then the telephone rang. Dinnie Mitchell said, "Whenever you are ready to give up the terrible job of unpacking, just come to our house. I have a hot meal all ready for you." We were so grateful that I think we arrived before she had hung up the phone. I still remember the meal (pork chops with mushroom sauce, scalloped potatoes and brocolli), and the warmth with which John and Dinnie welcomed us. My children could hardly contain their mirth, wondering how Dad was going to manage because, you see, Father Tom did not eat broccoli or scalloped potatoes, and definitely not mushroom sauce. But, in her own special way, Dinnie managed to get him to take second helpings. Later (when she and I were alone) she suggested she would be happy to teach him to eat other vegetables if I gave her a list of his least favourites!

That was the beginning of our seventeen year love affair with St. James' Anglican Church in Ingersoll. The people of the parish surprised and delighted us on so many occasions. They allowed our son to choose wallpaper that might be considered a bit "controversial," and hung it without comment. On our 25th wedding anniversary there was a cake and silver dollars to help us celebrate. On our 30th, members of the parish plotted to bring all four of our parents to Ingersoll. In the middle of the Sunday

service, Tom spotted them in the congregation, walked down from the pulpit, and took me to where they were sitting. The happy tears flowed, I can tell you. Baptisms and family weddings here at St. James' are treasured memories. There were the parish picnics in Memorial Park; and the A.C.W.'s invitation to me to share my journey in faith at one of their meetings. I remember the many parish suppers, and the party given for Tom when he was made a Canon. And the joy we had blowing up balloons on Holy Saturday at midnight, tying them to pews, and then kneeling in prayer, just the two of us.

And I remember the love that surrounded us when Tom developed a brain tumour. For more than three months, while he lay in hospital, the people of this congregation showed us in a thousand ways that they are the people of God living out the gospel as they understand it. They kept prepared food in our refrigerator and freezer; they visited with my mother and helped her cope with the stress of the rectory through those terrible days. Three women did our laundry (washed, ironed, and hung back in the closet) for almost four months. People prayed for us, and with us. The cards and phone calls never stopped. And the hugs! Through the hugs of the people of St. James', I KNEW that God was putting His arms around me and holding me close. That's why



Program of Stainer's Crucifixion presented on Good Friday, April 10, 1914 at St. James'. From the collection of Dorothy Griffin.

I came back after I moved away. Here was a parish where people lived out day by day what they said they believed – that they serve God in each other by simple acts of kindness and love.

St. James' has allowed me to serve the parish in

many ways in the years since that snowy move away from Ingersoll. The people “blew me away” when they asked me to be a Warden. What a privilege to serve in that capacity. The Rejoice Campaign was a big challenge – but exciting and **SUCCESSFUL!** We watched the tower repairs with gratitude for the skilled workmen in charge of the restoration, and Don White’s vigilance as overseer.

As I write these memories twelve years have passed. For me, the decision to return to St. James’ after the move to Dorchester was a good one. My journey in faith continues among people I respect and continue to learn from. They would probably be surprised how often I catch a glimpse of the Holy as I move among them. They give me joy!

Remember?

... from Myra Shier

- *Never attending any function in the church proper without having to wear hats or some kind of head covering and being very quiet.*
- *Canon Tom Griffin’s ready smile and many kindnesses, with words of encouragement during difficult times, as well as happy times.*
- *The guidance, leadership and friendship of Rev. Bernie Rosevear and Rev. Jim Carr, who lead us all – in times of sadness as well as times of happiness. God bless them both!*

Memories of St. James'

... from Marie Borland

My earliest memory of St. James’ is the Sunday School sleigh ride! We would all climb on to this big horse drawn sleigh – bells and all – and amid much chatter and laughter, be taken for a wonderful sleigh ride around town. We returned to St. James’ hungry and cold and were served a lovely hot meal cooked by our Sunday School teachers. I can’t remember where the kitchen was, but we ate downstairs in what we now call “Grinkle Park,” for this was before the Parish Hall was built.

I remember the Sunday School Christmas Concerts. We all enjoyed getting into costumes and performing on stage – even if it was only a walk-on.

On October 30, 1936, I was Confirmed by Bishop Seager, after instructions from Mr. Masters. We girls all had new white dresses and members of the Altar Guild placed white veils on our heads. A few years later I had instructions to become a Sunday School teacher from Lena Clendenning (one of my special Sunday School teachers) with Eleanor (Henderson) Walker and David Walsh (who went on to become an Anglican priest.) At last the day arrived when we were assigned our own class to teach! I taught Sunday School for many years – in the early years I took my two young brothers, Tom and Don Douglas; and later my sons John and David. We had a wonderful group of Sunday School teachers then, just as we have now. I still treasure the lovely salad bowl the teachers gave Bruce and me for a wedding present.

That brings me to another pleasant memory of St. James’ – our wedding day on October 30, 1946, exactly 10 years, to the day, after I was confirmed.

Bruce and I were married by Rev. Carman J. Queen, later Bishop Queen. Mr. Queen had been at St. James’ just a short time and we did not know him very well, but he became a very good friend and adviser whom we highly respected. Mr. Queen was a man who expected you to do your best and a little bit more. He was also a man for whom you

strived to do so. With Mr. Queen's guidance, Bruce was confirmed at St. James' on March 6, 1949 – three weeks before our first son was born. Bruce had been a staunch Baptist.

Bruce was the first President of St. James' B.A.C. Over time he served as Rector's Warden, Peoples' Warden, Lay Delegate to Synod, a long time member of the Board of Management, and sang in St. James' choir.

In the meantime I was invited to become a member of St. James' Altar Guild and with Janet (Counter) Fleischer was trained by Mrs. John Ridley, a very devout member of the Altar Guild. I remember Mrs. Ridley instructing us to lock the doors, pull the drapes and not answer the phones when we laundered the Altar Linens. I enjoyed many years of association with the group.

I was also invited to join the Evening Guild and served as its president for two terms. I believe our biggest fund-raiser was the Fashion Show we produced each spring. It was a very popular event for the whole town! It was also a lot of work, but we all enjoyed doing it.

There are so many wonderful "Memories of St. James'" – the Sunday School picnics – especially when we boarded the C.P.R. train at Ingersoll and chugged our way to Port Burwell. I think half the town went with us. We enjoyed a

day of swimming, games, contests, races and good food.

The Minstrel Shows produced by our Disking Club were also great.

On the more serious side, I remember attending 53rd Weekends at Huron College, the Holy Spirit Conferences at St. Paul's Cathedral, the wonderful Bible studies at St. James'. We have been blessed with superb spiritual leadership at St. James' over these many years. We have had so many wonderful leaders and remember them all with thankfulness. For many years we were guided by Canon Thomas Griffin. His influence on us will long be remembered. Our good fortune continues with the guidance and presence of Father Jim Carr. The congregation of St. James' has always been a caring people and we are also very fortunate to have Canon Bernie



Marie and Bruce Borland, 1946

Rosevear in our midst.

Father Jim said it all at the Vestry Meeting, on Sunday, January 25, 2004: "St. James' is a neat place to be."

I thank my mother, Maude Douglas, for bringing me here as a young child and I thank God for allowing me to stay. See you on Sunday, God willing.



Gavel used by the St. James Evening Guild in wooden case with brass plate.



... from Doris (Burton) Fleming

My memories of St. James' start with Sunday School in the church basement – the excitement every winter of a sleigh ride behind (to us) those large horses, coming back to a hot meal and drinks prepared by church ladies. Other highlights in my memory include:

- Going to Junior Women's Auxiliary (W.A.) with Mrs. Isabella Baxter as leader, stringing beads for the bales.
- The building of a new Sunday School with a stage; taking part in plays and concerts.
- Counting the days to be old enough to join our Young Peoples Group, AYPA; again plays and concerts; having socials with Woodstock and London churches; the girls having a crush on the young and handsome minister, Rev. Terrence Finlay.
- Our Hallowe'en party was always great – going to the church basement and made to shake hands with the dead (a glove filled with cold porridge); lots of squeals and screams going on.
- Being a choir member with Mr. Tune as Choir Master. Practice was Friday nights from 8 – 10 p.m. A large choir, with several soloists, we were expected to attend two services every Sunday.
- Rev. H. Merrifield asking me to join the Chancel Guild; being trained by Marian Jackson and Ada Cook.
- My parents (Harry and Kitty Burton) with the Disking Club having Minstrel Shows to raise money for new lights in the church.
- My mother with the Women's Auxiliary (W.A.).
- While Rev. Masters was here, his wife, Jane, started an evening W.A. group; later Gladys Richardson took charge and finally, in the 1960s, it became the Edith Jones Group. We were a busy group, meeting in the evening and trained by senior W.A. women. Our largest banquet was for 211 for Reg. Stone. We catered to many weddings and banquets and once did two weddings in one day. We also prepared bales for the north. Our big money raiser was our Pancake Supper, with help from Mayfred and Jack Watson.
- In June we would hold a Strawberry social on the front lawn. The lawn was colourful with lawn tables and umbrellas.

Today I am thankful for a life time here; for being able to take part in the changes to our services and in the renovations to our beautiful church.

... from Doug McConnell

I wasn't able to make the trip of more than 2,000 miles home from Arizona as often as I would have liked, but my visit in 1989 was providential.

My mother, Della, was wheelchair-bound by then, having suffered the first several of numerous strokes. Four ushers carried her, in her chair, up the front steps of St. James' that Sunday. A meeting of the Church Board was scheduled after church to make a decision about building a wheelchair ramp. The ramp was approved.

My mother, my sister, Dianna, and I began attending St. James' after moving to Ingersoll in 1950 and we were confirmed shortly afterward. I later served as president of the Anglican Young Peoples Association for three years, but our junior softball team was more effective in sharing the Word. Church attendance was mandatory to be eligible to play. I also played on the men's team as a 16-year-old. I remember Jim Laarz and Gordon Todd as being two of my junior teammates. Clark Pellow, Bruce Borland, Jim Longfield and Claude Wright were on the senior team.

My mother was part of the Women's Auxiliary at St. James', the same group that hosted the

receptions after my father's funeral in 1990 and my mother's in 1998.

Rev. Carman Queen had just been promoted to Bishop of Huron when my sister, Dianna, made wedding plans for August of 1959 and she was disappointed he could not officiate due to a diocesan commitment. His successor at St. James, Rev. Pocock, performed the ceremony. He must have done a good job. Don and Dianna Buck were married for 42 years until cancer took Don in 2001.

I lived most of my teen years in the church's basement gym. Besides IDCI games there, we played badminton, basketball, volleyball and handball as part of the Ingersoll YMCA's program. That's where I met Bruce Mechbach. During a Saturday morning pickup game, he rode me into the end wall as I took a lay-up shot and I came off swinging. We were both thrown out of the game by YMCA Secretary Al Clark and sent to a locker room with one shower. We sat across from each other in the locker room, glared at each other, looked at the shower to see who was going first, glared back at each other, and finally broke up laughing. That began a lifelong friendship that has endured across the miles.

(*Editor's note: Doug and his wife, Judy, reside in the Phoenix suburb of Gilbert, Arizona.*)

... from Myra Shier

St. James' has been a part of my life for 60 plus years.

My earliest memories are of the Sunday afternoons, attending Sunday School, along with my mother, Irene Noe, one of the teachers, and my three siblings, Judy, Paul and David. I can still see Mrs. Funnell at the old piano trying to teach us a few children's hymns.

As I became a little older, I was involved in Junior Church, Junior Choir and Young Peoples. Mrs. Hill, Marg Allen, Marion Jackson, Ada Cook, Mrs. Phillips, Ted Long, Mr. Dryden, Mary (Shelton) Connor, Reverends Queen, Sadleir and

Pocock were all influential in helping me with my Christian Education.

We kids all looked forward to our Christmas concert and visit from Santa. Santa always had a gift and a treat for us. We could count on an orange and a candy cane as part of our treat.

The annual Sunday School picnic was a favourite. We traveled by train to Port Burwell and all the parents came along. That old rail trestle over the old highway #19 near Straffordville was very scary for me as I was deathly afraid of heights; however, once we arrived in Port Burwell the fun, games, swimming and food made the fear go away until it was time to return to Ingersoll again.

Our Young Peoples' group was very active in the early 50s. We had inter-church baseball and hockey games, skating and tobogganing parties, hayrides at Eleanore (Wardrop) and George Cuthbert's farm, followed by wiener roasts. We even had dances in the Parish Hall and lots of good snacks.

When I attended college I was away from St. James' for a few years. I knew I would return some day and so I did, to be married here in 1959. A few years passed by until the time when my children, Robert and Angela, were baptized and became involved in their Sunday School programs. I began to help with this program as well, for three years. Ken Cooper and Canon Tom Griffin were seeking people for the Senior Choir and I joined. This has proven to be a most enjoyable calling for me, and I have learned a great deal about our church and church life as part of the choir.

Many persons have helped me along this journey. I give thanks for them – Canon Tom Griffin, Ken Cooper, Rev. Louise Peters, Luke Davis, Rev. Bill Welch, Ted Winter, Rev. Jim Carr and Rev. Bernie Rosevear, and as well many friends my family and I have at St. James'.

Our Lord has given us the opportunity to serve and worship Him in this caring, friendly and comfortable place, St. James' Anglican Church, here in Ingersoll, and I am truly grateful.



Private communion set with Victorian plate. Once owned by Rev. J. Ridley, Quebec Cathedral, 1885.

Memories of St. James'



Private communion set. Once owned by Rev. William Hills from St. James', May 1937.

...from Dorothy (Dykeman) Holmes

I often think of the times when St. James' Anglican Church was the centre of our lives and activities.

My mother, May Dykeman, was in the Women's Auxiliary (W.A.) from the time I was three years old. The W.A. then catered to banquets and did a great deal of quilting. Mom also taught Sunday School and organized the Sunday School Christmas concerts.

She worked at the church and quilted right up to the time she went into hospital.

My dad, Charles Dykeman, served both as People's Warden and Rector's Warden, the latter at the time of Rev. Carman Queen. He was also secretary of the Board of Management for many, many years. He took his responsibilities very seriously and spent a good deal of time at the church, too.

Dad and Mom together organized the Disking Club which thrived for years. They also organized the annual Minstrel Shows which not only played in our church to packed crowds, but traveled around to perform in neighbouring small towns. The proceeds went to the Disking Club.

My fondest memories include the Junior Choir and Junior Church; my friendship with Donna Merrifield, our minister's daughter; and gruff old Bishop Luxton.

I still remember the Sunday when one of our Junior Choir members dropped her hymn book over the balcony, narrowly missing hitting John Cook, our sixth grade school teacher.



A delightful scene at one of St. James' famous church bazaars. Left to right: Mrs. George Beck, Mrs. Fred Rich, Mrs. Ed Gilling, Mrs. Harold Wilson, Mrs. George Latford, Mrs. Ethel Sadleir serving tea.

Bazaars always bring out the best - best china, best hats and best conversations

My fondest memories include the Junior Choir and Junior Church; my friendship with Donna Merrifield, our minister's daughter; and gruff old Bishop Luxton.

-- Dorothy (Dykeman) Holmes



Rev. Harry Merrifield, former rector, March 1946.



Mrs. Leah Hills at the altar of the Junior Church Chapel.

Remember?

... from Myra Shier

- *Junior Church in the little chapel over the ladies' lounge, conducted by the kind and caring Mrs. Hill and Mr. Tarrant and helpers, every Sunday morning while the adults stayed in the big church for their service.*

*... from Neil and Inez Fishwick
(40+ years of combined service)*

We arrived at St. James' just prior to Rev. Thomas Griffin's appointment as Rector. We then began regular attendance. Inez joined the Senior Choir and became Junior Choirleader for eight years, (18 children attended regularly and faithfully).

During those years, Neil became Rector's Warden (5 years) as well as Cub Scout leader. Inez was President of St. James' and Oxford Deanery ACWs. She also led two craft groups (a morning and an evening) to make ornaments, etc. for the Peppermint Stick Bazaar which she convened from 1979 until the Easy Access was installed in 1990. She also served on the Board of Management at that time and with the Easy Access and Worship Committees. Visiting shut-ins to cheer them with her baking and an occasional "tour of the town" was another of her ministries that was much appreciated.

When Neil retired from teaching Secondary School we intended to take things easy for a while. However this was not to be. We and the Naisbitts co-chaired the first Talent and Dream Auction for Easy Access. For about ten years, Neil drove a bus and Inez arranged tickets and suppers for one or two yearly shows at Stratford. Together we convened the Lenten Lunches for 2 years.

In 1998, Neil became Rector's Warden for Rev. Bill Welch. Then we chaired another Talent and Dream Auction to purchase new furniture for the new offices. Shortly after that we were very involved with "Miracle Sunday" and a "Brick" fundraiser to rebuild the ageing Tower and Church walls, celebrating with a Festive Dinner. We also provided nourishing soup lunches for several months after Sunday services. Rev. Bill Welch and organist Luke Davis both moved on in 2000 and so the hiring process began, resulting in the appointments of Rev. Jim Carr and Ted Winter. Inez wrote amusing informative poetry for all fundraisers including the restoration of the windows in the Tower. She, along with three other

Memories of St. James'

ladies, welcomes visitors and newcomers to our Church by presenting them with a small gold cross. These crosses are donated by a Parish family.

Neil has also been Server, Communion Assistant, BAC President, on the Property, Finance and other committees. We both assist with banquets or dinners.

We have been richly rewarded by our involvement in our work at St. James' and have always been blessed with dedicated, co-operative, cheerful, caring and willing volunteers for all our endeavours.

Thank you all (you know who you are) for your kindness and helpfulness whenever it was requested. Everyone makes us feel welcome and needed – a wonderful feeling – whenever we enter St. James.

We are both "slowing down" but will continue, as long as we are able, to do God's work using the many talents He has bestowed so richly upon us.

... from Mayfred Watson

When our family was growing up we went to the Baptist church until the time of Union, when we joined the United Church.

At this time our neighbour, Mrs. Arkel, was the kindergarten teacher. Her daughter Helen and I were good friends. She would ask me to go with her to St. James', which I did, but my mother was never impressed so I didn't go very often.

After my marriage to Jack, a Catholic, and the birth of our boys, Jack knew I really wanted to go to St. James'. So, with the help of him and my life-long friend, Ruth Robotham, I changed churches.

I joined what is now the A.C.W. when Edith Jones was president. Later, we decided to have pancake suppers. Jack offered to make the mix and the syrup. He and our boys, Larry, Mike and Darryl, came and helped cook them.

I have always enjoyed the A.C.W., its activities and the friends I made. Quite an Ecumenical family – Baptist, Catholic, Anglican!

... from Doris Mott May

My earliest recollection of the church is going to Sunday School in Mrs. Fred Funnell's class. There was a large sandbox and the Biblical stories were depicted in cutouts. Stories of Jesus were illustrated with pictures of homes and countryside.

In 1938 they formed a Junior Choir, starting with eight girls, Ruth Moon, Mary Lou Alter, Shelagh Feurth, Janet Newman, Helen (Matthews) Smith, Jane (Balfour) Brooks, Kathy (whose last name I cannot remember) and me. A picture taken later shows 17 choir members including Marjorie Roddy, Mary Shelton, Rita (no last name), Mervyn Roberts and Bob Cousins.

It was a very happy time. We practiced on Thursdays after school. Mrs. Vincent Wilson was the choir leader; Mrs. Funnell, the pianist and Mrs. Hills, leader of the Junior Church. It was exciting when we were fitted for our choir gowns and hats. I remember that Mrs. Wilson made most of our gowns.

After choir practice we received two cents for coming and another one cent for being at church. I don't know how long this continued, but I can remember the group running to Mrs. Noe's candy store, behind the Home Hardware.

Both my younger sisters, Shirley and Marjorie and my brother Norman were in the choir later. Marjorie tells me Mary (Shelton) Connor was choir leader when she joined.

I have fond memories of our good times – going to the Christmas Eve service, parties and sleigh rides with a team of horses pulling the sleigh.

The choir grew rapidly and Mrs. Mabel Moon often came to help see that our bows were tied properly, at our neck, before church.

They started an Intermediate Church Choir for 13 and 14 year olds a couple of years later.

Another highlight was when the Senior Choir would put on A Christmas Carol. This would star Mr. Harold Wilson as Scrooge, with the other two choirs also taking part.

For another concert at the church Mrs. Wilson made each one of us a blue gown and hat. We sang Alice Blue Gown. After that we were invited to the Thamesford Church to wear our gowns and sing the same song at a musical evening there. I also remember Helen Balfour playing her accordion.

At about the same time we started going to Junior Auxiliary after school on Mondays. We used

I have fond memories of our good times – going to the Christmas Eve service, parties and sleigh rides with a team of horses pulling the sleigh.

to make scrap books out of Christmas cards to send to the children on the Indian Reservation. Rev. Harry Cook and his wife were serving at that time. The group was led by Mrs. Frank Roberts and Mrs. Tribe.

Also I attended Brownies with Miss Helen Wilson (Joyce Turner's aunt) as leader; and later Guides. I remember hearing Lady Baden-Powell being broadcast at one of our meetings.

In the early 1950s, my father, Edward Mott, became verger at the church and held that position for a number of years.

The highlight of my life was to have my father walk me down the aisle on September 23, 1950.

Although we have lived in Woodstock and St. Marys; and now in Florida and near Embro, I still think of St. James' as my home church.



Rev. Sadler, Katherine Fleischer and Rev. Queen.



LAC Nip Henderson and LACW Marje Henderson in England during wartime. Starting from the top and moving clockwise: Taken on the boarding house step when on leave, June 1943; England 1944; Nip & Marj, London, December 1946; Marj, London, December 1946.



Scout leader Wilf Allen, 1935.



Theodore and Mary Ann Harvey 55th wedding anniversary, 1941.



Town leaders gathered at St. James'. With Rev. L. Pocock are (l. to r.) A.G. Murray, principal of Victory Memorial School, Marg Allen Sr., J.C. Herbert, IDCI principal and an unidentified minister. The photo was taken in 1950.

... from Jill Pariser

*A friend is one who
strengthens you with prayers
blesses you with love and
encourages you with hope.*

--anonymous

The wonderful, caring people who I frequently attend St. James' Anglican Church with on Wednesday mornings have strengthened me with prayers and blessed me with love. Not only were arms opened to me, but to the children I care for as well. St. James' has become a summer home to the children who attend Camp Hope. In so many ways, the St. James' Church family has blessed the Camp Hope family with prayers, love and care.

Faithful friends at St. James' have always encouraged me with hope: from my first contact with Father Tom Griffin, who offered the church building in 1991 for an appreciation dinner for the Ingersoll and area volunteer firefighters; to Father Jim and Reverend Bernie, who are so supportive and caring of the Camp Hope family. Pat and Art also encourage and care for the staff and children on a daily basis during Camp Hope.

I will forever be thankful to Bonnie who first invited me to worship at St. James'. Bonnie cared for me and encouraged me as I learned to worship in a new church family. I am so blessed by the congregation of St. James'. It is my hope that my prayers will strengthen St. James' in the years to come, so others will know of the blessings of love and the encouragement of hope.

Unity candle donated in memory of Canon Thomas Griffin by the Stuart Little family.



Wooden collection plate once used at St. Michael's Chapel.

... from Merv Roberts

I have been asked to write a brief history of Dad's and Mom's involvement in St. James'. Frank and Irene Roberts moved to Ingersoll in August of 1930, when Dad started his barber business at the corner of King and Oxford Streets.

They attended St. James' faithfully until they passed away. During that time, Frank and Irene taught Sunday School, in the afternoons. Frank was Sunday School Superintendent for many years. Irene was a member of the W.A.; she loved to quilt; and she also worked many years at church banquets.

I remember Dad and Mom belonging to the Disking Club. My brother, Keith, and I would go and sit on the sidelines. It was a very noisy time.

The Disking Club put on several Minstrel Shows in the Parish Hall. Dad was one of the six "sidemen". I remember Charlie Dykeman was "Interlocker." Mom was in the choir with the other ladies, faces all blackened and wearing old time costumes. (Definitely not proper today!)

Dad served on the Board of Management for several years and was church Warden in 1960, 1961, and 1962. I had the privilege of being Warden with Dad for one year. I think this is the only time in St. James' history that father and son have been Wardens at the same time. Dad and I had the privilege of presenting Bishop Harry Cook with his staff. It was given to him by St. James' as a gift from his home parish.

As Dad and Mom got older, they retired from positions at the church, but still attended regularly, when health permitted.

*A Kaleidoscope of Memories
... from Myra Shier***I remember:**

- Sunday School every Sunday afternoon from 3:00 until 4:00 p.m., with Ted Long, Katy Phillips, Marion Jackson and Mrs. Funnell.
- Junior Choir practice every Thursday evening from 7 until 8 p.m., held up in the balcony where the organ was, with Mr. Dryden, Mary (Shelton) Connor and Mrs. Wilson. We had 25-30 members.
- Never attending any function in the church proper without having to wear hats or some kind of head covering and being **very quiet**.
- The little black caps, the starched surplices and white lacy bows we wore over the black cassocks. As we got older we wore mortar board hats.
- Junior Church in the little chapel over the ladies' lounge, conducted by the kind and caring Mrs. Hill and Mr. Tarrant and helpers, every Sunday morning while the adults stayed in the big church for their service.
- Sunday School concerts and always receiving a gift from Santa with a treat of usually an orange and a candy cane. The Christmas Bazaars – Wow!
- Sunday School picnics in Port Burwell. Families boarding the train with special lunches in tow and riding the rails to the Port for fun, laughter, games, swimming and food.
- Beautiful fashion shows put on by the Evening Guild in the beautifully decorated Parish Hall. Walking down that ramp was pretty scary for a ten year old.
- Our Young Peoples group in the early fifties and the fun times – ball and hockey competitions between all of the churches in Ingersoll; (We had a good baseball team). Our hayrides to Cuthberts' farms; even dances in the Parish Hall; and, as well, Mr. Queen having a good time with us.
- Brownies, Guides (for me a short time) and VMS Gym Classes in our church basement.
- Memorizing the whole Catechism booklet in order for me to be confirmed by Bishop Luxton; and wearing the white dress and veil.
- Larry and I being married in this beautiful church. Mr. Pocock officiating.
- Becoming a Senior Choir member (after a few years of irregular attendance) under Ken Cooper's direction. Even the bats joined us on a few occasions!
- Canon Tom Griffin's ready smile and many kindnesses, with words of encouragement during difficult times, as well as happy times.
- Our daughter's wedding and the Baptisms of our three grandchildren, all performed by Rev. Bill Welch, our friend.
- Luke Davis and Ted Winter, each one very talented and yet quite different in their approaches to the Senior Choir and their music. Ted's patience with those of us who try and understanding our limited knowledge of music – a friend indeed.
- The many friends and people of St. James' who have always and who continue to work together to make St. James' a caring, friendly place to serve our Lord and community. The kindness and generosity of these people were much appreciated by my family during our mother's illness, her funeral and beyond.
- The guidance, leadership and friendship of Rev. Bernie Rosevear and Rev. Jim Carr, who lead us all – in times of sadness as well as times of happiness. God bless them both!



Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Desmond, Mrs. Leaper



Hammered aluminum collection plate with the Women's Auxiliary Cross design on it. Made by Mrs. T. (Dolly) Harvey in 1950. It was used at Women's Auxiliary meetings.

A lace prayer cap. This prayer cap is used as a backdrop on p. 23.



Memories of St. James'



Top row left-right: Mrs. Titus, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Johnson (?), Mrs. Violet Wilson, Mrs. ???, Mrs. Laarz
Middles row: Mrs. Hargraves, Mrs. Watmough, Mrs. Irene Roberts, Mrs. ???, Mrs. Tye, Mrs. Mae Dykeman
Bottom row: Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Pocock (?), Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Leaper, Mrs. ???, Mrs. Desmond, Mrs. Ellis.

*... from Lilyanne Staples Bruce
Pew 87*

In the year 1908, a young English married couple by the name of Francis and Lily Wilson, with their two young sons, Charles and William, two and three years old, immigrated to Canada from near Hornsea, in England.

They settled on a farm near Thamesford. Being members of the English Church in England, they now had to find an English church in Canada. The Anglican Church of St. James' in Ingersoll is where they became members, sitting in Pew No. 87.

On March 15, 1916, a daughter was born to them. She was christened Kathleen Lilyanne Wilson and she, too, promptly took up occupancy in Pew No. 87.

Kathleen Lilyanne was escorted down the aisle of St. James' on her father's arm to marry John Kenneth Staples, June 6, 1936. Rev. MacMillan officiated. They became the proud parents of two sons, John and Warren, who also were christened at St. James and sat in Pew 87.

In September 1961 Kenneth Staples died and was buried by Rev. Pocock.

John Staples and Lise Bruneau were married in St. James' by Rev. Tom Griffin.

Later, in 1989, Lilyanne married Morris Bruce, with Rev. Thomas Griffin officiating. Now Morris also occupies Pew 87.

Lilyanne has been sitting in Pew 87 for 88 years and quite possibly is the oldest attending member of St. James' Anglican Church, in Ingersoll.

... from Lorraine (Bowman) Redhead

My first memories are of the kindergarten class in Sunday School in the room now the nursery. It seemed a very full room, probably because several of the mothers,

including my own, had to stay there with children who would not remain alone. Mrs. Funnell was the main teacher. We had my aunt, May Dykeman, in grade two or three. Marie (Douglas) Borland and Eleanor (Henderson) Walker were my teachers in grade seven and eight, our Confirmation year.

Junior Church was held on Sunday morning upstairs. Mrs. Hill was one of the leaders in the afternoon Sunday School class.

Guiding started in Ingersoll at St. James' again in 1939. I went to Brownies in 1943/44 when Alma Tonks was Brown Owl. Guides from 1944/48 included Florence Tonks Williams as Guide Leader; Dorothy Crane our Lieutenant and Mrs. Turner, another Guider. Later, Ruth Hammond was Guide Leader and Pearl Garratt Ranger Leader and Commissioner.

The Ladies Aid members included Mrs. W. Foreman, chair; Mrs. C. Grimes, Mrs. Heenan and Mrs. Wilf Allen. The younger ones did a lot of the work including supervising cookie sales, kitchen work, collecting cookie money etc.

An active Rovers (Senior Scouting group) included Mac Meadows, John Hutson, Don Bucknell, Len Fiddy, Jack Watmough, Ken Johnstone, George Rodwell and Jack Asselin. They met in the back room of Grinkle Park.

I remember watching my Aunt May and the other ladies busy quilting when I would go to St. James' after school. I remember the day Jean Johnston dropped her Junior Choir book over the balcony and nearly hit our beloved new teacher, John Cook. We all remember that one!

We used St. James' church for a gym at V.M.S. and for basketball; and used the parish hall for our Blue and White reviews. Beth Clement was basketball coach.

I remember Confirmation classes with Mrs. Foreman when pages and pages of material had to be memorized, including the catechism, the symbols, the Ten Commandments and even books of the Bible. When I passed out during my First Communion after Confirmation, the church was so full my mother didn't see them carry me out. My hus-

band, Bob senior, was confirmed in the early 1950s, wearing a large cast. I remember my son, Bob, loudly singing, "Jesus bids us shine with a beer, beer light."

In telling my story, I learned every generation had been up the tower as young people, with the unknown help of various peoples' keys, after youth meetings. I didn't have the nerve to go past the first level!

Whenever I turned the lights out at the end of Guide meetings, and closed up, there was a feeling of comfort in the building.

Now when we sleep over with the Brownies I hear children playing downstairs.

When I passed out during my First Communion after Confirmation, the church was so full my mother didn't see them carry me out.

... from Margaret (Holmes) Carne

My memories of St. James' go back to Sunday School in the 1930s.

The big stage was always busy with Christmas concerts, many plays etc. Our parents were right there to help make costumes, get us dressed and on stage at our given times, as well as coach us through our lines. We did have fun!

Dad (Ben Holmes) and the men of the church did a Minstrel Show, complete with black faces and all the Al Jolson songs.

I also remember that an "Indian" play was done. The women made the costumes and we helped to thread the berries from some tree (they were orange in colour) that were used to make their beads.

The big event of the year was our train trip to Port Burwell for the Sunday School picnic. We still bring that event up when we talk about the things we did as kids with the Church and especially our Sunday School days.

Memories of St. James'

... from Gladys Mott

When I moved to Ingersoll, in 1953, I joined St. James' congregation. Rev. Carman Queen was Rector at that time, and I was confirmed that very year.

Doris Fleming was the very first friend I made in Ingersoll. She still is one of my best friends. Doris was the one who encouraged me to attend Edith Jones W.A., which I enjoyed very much. Members knitted and sewed items; and collected used clothing. These were packed in bales to be sent to Indian families in Northern Ontario. For several years Peg Cussons and I looked after an average of 15 to 20 children in the nursery every

Sunday, with the help of teenage girls who occasionally volunteered. Pat Shaddock and I were assistants to Gert Croker when she was banquet convenor. We did a lot of catering to large functions in those days. Once, we catered to two weddings on the same day. And no dishwasher back then! When Gert moved to Calgary in the early seventies, Pat and I took over as co-convenors.

On the other hand, Norm has totally different memories of St. James' Church. His father, Edward, was the Verger at St. James' for many years, as well as working nights, as a stationary engineer, at the Morrow Screw & Nut Company. So, of course, the children who were old enough all had to help their Dad at church.

Every fall, a train load of coal was purchased and stored in the basement, underneath the front of the church. The furnace was stoked by hand for many years, before an automatic stoker was eventually purchased. The ashes were lifted up in a metal container by rope and pulley – no easy task.

How many people have heard that the red rug that presently lies in the front of St. James' Church was used at the train station in 1939 for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, when they stopped in Ingersoll? That rug always had to be faithfully vacuumed one way, so the nap all went in one direction.

Continued on p. 31



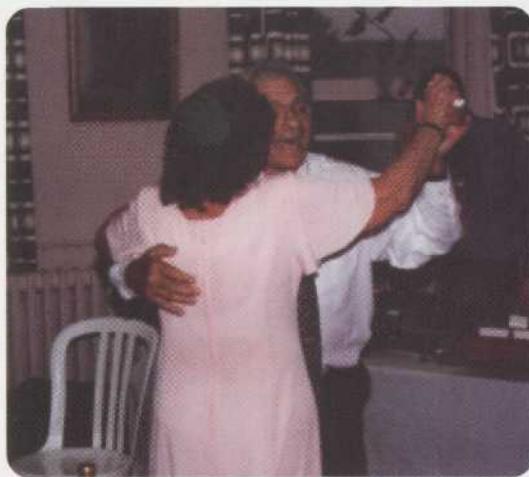
Anita and Dave Ponsford married June 28, 2003



A wedding at St. James', July 1916. Back row: Sarah Holmes Walker, Bill Walker. Front row: Fred Sheldon, Harry Burton, Kathleen Holmes Burton.



Katie Hutcheson hard at work in St. James' kitchen.



Don and Betty White dancing up a storm in the Parish Hall.



Marg Allen holding granddaughter Abby Webber.



Talking over old times! Bob Hunter, Rev. Bill Welch, Shirley & Garnet Prouse enjoy a good chat.

Continued from p. 29

The original tables and chairs in the hall were very heavy. They were stored on trolleys under the stage. Norm certainly remembers lugging them back and forth and stacking that furniture!

When the floor had to be refinished it was all done by hand. Norm recalls his Dad and brothers, as well as himself, on hands and knees as they pitched in, preparing the surface for refinishing. Norm also recalls the sport of disking that commonly took place at the Parish Hall – a great winter pastime in those days!

And, an after-thought! Perhaps many of you will remember that the Parish Hall was ‘the place to be’ for many community and social events in Ingersoll and the surrounding rural area. In fact, it was the only hall in Ingersoll where such events could be held and consequently, the women of the church did a lot more catering in those days.

Where the new parking lot is presently located was once owned by Dr. C. Cornish. He let Mr. Mott plant potatoes on that property for his rather large family. When it was no longer needed for a garden, Dr. Cornish donated the land to the church.

Many years back, there was an open shed behind the rectory garage for people to tether their horses for shelter from the elements. The gymnasium under the parish hall was a source of both activity and revenue for the church. It was a very busy spot with Victory Memorial School using it in the daytime and the YMCA using it in the evening.

As an adult, Norm was on the Board of Management and was a Sidesperson.

Norm and I both agree that we have enjoyed our years at St. James’ and that the church family remains a large part of our lives.



... from the E.A. Wilson Family

St. James’ has been part of this Wilson family’s life since 1912 when E.A. Wilson purchased the old broom factory on King St West (which became Wilson & Short, and then Ingersoll

Memories of St. James’

Machine Company) and moved his young family from Detroit to Ingersoll.

E.A. sat in pew 106 with Harold, Edith and Dinnie while his wife, Maude sang in the choir. Our church organ, which was built by Hillgreen and Lane Organ Co. of Alliance, Ohio as a theatre organ, was purchased by E.A. from Lowes theatre in Toronto in the 1940s. Harold had the organ rebuilt by Keates Organ Company in 1969. E.A.’s generous contributions to St. James’ included funds to improve the heating system. To be sure the system continued to operate properly, he installed a thermometer on the post next to his usual seat in the church. That thermometer still hangs today where he placed it.

Harold married Lorna Reid (a United Church girl from Port Credit) in 1936 and brought her to St. James’. Both Harold and Lorna were faithful members of St. James’ choir, singing many choruses and solos before they retired and moved away from Ingersoll in 1974. Harold sometimes dropped off to sleep in the choir loft when the sermon droned on. On one memorable occasion, Rev. Carman Queen had a dramatic pause in his sermon delivery, at which time, Harold (thinking the sermon was finished) stood quickly to his feet. All Rev. Queen could do was turn away from the congregation, and laugh!

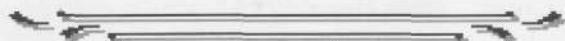
Harold and Lorna’s children could not let their father surpass them in church theatics. Ernie, Launi, and Marion were required to sit alone in pew 106 for Evensong services while Harold and Lorna sat in the choir loft. During one evening sermon, Marion crawled under the pews to the front of the church where an elderly gentleman was sitting with the microphone box for his hearing aide hanging over the front of the pew, into which Marion shouted “BOOH” – once again, Rev. Queen had to turn away from the congregation!

Members of the family have participated in many aspects of church life. All five of Harold and Lorna’s children sang in the junior choir for many years. Ernie and Cathy (another United Church girl from Toronto) also sang in the senior

choir. Lorna, like her mother-in-law, Maude, was a strong supporter of the W.A. (and later the ACW), and a Brownie leader at St. James'. E.A., Harold and Ernie were all members of the Board of Management at St James. Cathy taught Sunday school. Our girls, Sarah, Jen and Sue attended church and Sunday school regularly until moving away to university.

St. James has been the family church for this Wilson family for four generations and almost a century. The children were baptized, the girls were married, and some funerals were held at this church. With Dinnie and John Mitchell's move to Barrie this past year, we (Ernie and Cathy) are the last of the clan still worshipping at St. James.

(by Ernie and Cathy Wilson)



... from Harry Shelton

St. James' Junior Choir – The little church is hushed in prayer. We bow our heads while waiting here and feel God's presence everywhere.

Lord, teach us to pray

Lord, keep our thoughts from wandering

Lord, cleanse our hearts that we may worship here in spirit and in truth.

Amen

*This is the day which the Lord hath made
We will rejoice and be glad in it.*

These were the opening sentences for every service held in the chapel and rather appropriate to begin these memories.

Junior Church began with a choir of 12 children. Their surplices and gowns were made by various ladies of the church. As an incentive, choir members were given two pennies for attending choir practice and three pennies for attending church – a great treat. The choir members would then run to the confectionery store to spend their money.

Later on, activities of great interest were hay rides, wiener roasts, scavenger hunts, suppers and parties. The choir eventually grew to 50 junior and intermediate girls, ages eight to 14.

Attendance cards were either punched or decorated with a sticker for every Sunday service attended. If you were away and attended church elsewhere, you still got your attendance mark as long as you brought a note from that church. A year of perfect attendance got you an award appropriate for your age.

Besides Sunday services, there were also Lenten Services held after school once a week. Christmas Day services were held at 10 a.m. and all the children received a chocolate bar.

On the Sunday before Christmas, the officers and assistants had a corporate Communion at 8 a.m., followed by breakfast in the rectory – an event we always looked forward to – then it was off to the 11 a.m. service.

When the new wine coloured Book of Common Prayer came out, the children were not allowed to use them. The word was put out to a few parishioners and before we knew it, we had enough money to buy not only enough prayer books but hymn books and new altar linens as well.

The Junior Choir was self-supporting. We were able to purchase material for choir gowns and buy an electric organ to replace the old pump organ without asking the big church for assistance.

After the books were audited for the financial report, another event was enjoyed by the officers and assistants: a turkey dinner, followed by the annual meeting at the home of George and Jessie Tarrant.

Over the years, some of the officers and assistants were Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Funnell, Mrs. V. Wilson, George Tarrant, Mary (Shelton) Connor, Mrs. Marg Allen, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Dunn, Margaret (Shelton) Innes, Larry Senicar, Robert Ackert and Harry Shelton.

(with files from Mary Connor and Margaret Innes)



*Memories of Wilf and Marg Allen
...from their daughter, Margaret Meadows*

When the Ingersoll Machine Company called Harry Allen, of Toronto (formerly of England), to come here to work in 1916, he responded quickly. With him were his wife Annie and two year old Wilfred. E. A. Wilson and Maude soon became and remained good friends, as did the children of the two families. They all were faithful to their church work until they each, in God's time, were called home.

Wilf was active as a "Little Helper"; in Sunday School, cubs and scouts. Later he became a Scout Leader and, still later, chairman of the Local Association of Boy Scouts. As a teen, Wilf was involved in A.Y.P.A., which led him to Old St. Paul's Church, Woodstock, where he met Marg Palmer. Wilf and Marg were married in 1938 and were fortunate enough to celebrate 60 years of marriage in 1998.

Wilf and Marg became very active in the life of St. James'. Wilf served many years as a Board member, Chairman of the Property Committee, Warden, Boy Scout Apple Day Chair, Lay Delegate to Synod, founding member of the BAC in 1952 along with Graham Malpass, Jim Ranger and others. The BAC worked hard in the kitchen for the turkey suppers and the Pancake Suppers as well as the breakfasts. Later, as they retired, they began helping the women to cater and to make mincemeat.

There were always meetings to attend, bazaars to prepare for, rummage sales to set up for, prizes to buy for Attendance Awards at Junior Church and Sunday School. More time was spent sewing choir garments, packing bales for the north and sending packages overseas during the war. There was the Evening Guild Fashion Show to arrange, repairs to be made to the church and work parties to conduct at Huron Church Camp, Sunday School to teach, and Junior Church to assist with.

Who remembers the after school Lenten services for the children conducted by Marg for many years? Or the Sunday School picnics she helped arrange?

Memories of St. James'

Oh those train rides to Port Burwell were great! George Tarrant, Ted Long and Katie Phillips helped in that preparation.

Wilf and Marg followed Harry and Annie's example of service. No one has served as Warden longer than Harry. His 10 years of service ended in November 1944, due to illness. The arm chair presented to him is still in the family. Wilf Jr. enjoys it now.

Much of the history of St. James' can be traced through the Allen's 90 years of service.

Annie and Harry, Wilf and Marg Allen were always ready, in good times and bad, to help someone. They always worked at church activities when asked to do so. One St. James' rector, Rev. Ralph Sadleir, became father-in-law to Wilf Allen Jr. That was a proud moment for Annie, Wilf and Mary.

We are now into our fifth generation of the family involved in the church. Our youngest son, Paul, will be married this December in St. James'.

Remember?

... from Myra Shier

- *Sunday School picnics in Port Burwell. Families boarding the train with special lunches in tow and riding the rails to the Port for fun, laughter, games, swimming and food.*
- *Our Young Peoples group in the early fifties and the fun times – ball and hockey competitions between all of the churches in Ingersoll; (We had a good baseball team). Our hayrides to Cuthberts' farms; even dances in the Parish Hall; and, as well, Mr. Queen having a good time with us.*

A Speaker's Prayer

¶ God, source of life and truth and loveliness
I stand before Your people
Make me responsive to Your guidance
Let me wear the right clothes and hat
Let me speak clearly and naturally
That listening will be pleasant, and the deaf may hear
Let me keep to my point and find a lightsome chuckle
Save me from being puffed up if it goes well
Or being miserable if it was not good at all
I am Your servant, still eager to serve
And still ready to learn.

A prayer from the past, courtesy of Shirley Prouse.

